THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

ALICE BARNARD.

BY M. O. ALTON.

THE morning air was heavy with honeysuckle fragrance, and joyous with bird songs; and the rosebuds, swinging in the breeze, made nodding shadows in the broad sunlight. Mrs. Barnard wheeled a large invalid chair through the doorway of her pleasant little cottage, and to the pleasantest part of its narrow piazza. A slight form reclined wearily among the cushions of the chair; for little lame Alice, despite the invigorating morning air, which made other children skip and dance with bounding pulses, was more tired than these active ones when the day was at its close.

"There, isn't this nice?" said Mrs. Barnard, Alice's mother, in her cheeriest tones. "You can see the children going to school, hear the birds sing, and see the flowers. You can't help feeling better."

Poor little Alice tried to smile; but the thin lips quivered, and the tears sprang to her beautiful blue eyes. "Yes, it's all beautiful; but nothing makes *me* feel better, to last any, mother!" and she held her breath hard to keep back a deep sob.

The mother softly stroked the child's sunny hair, but said nothing; for her own heart was full of pain. After some minutes, she kissed the white brow; and, saying, "Mother would be glad to stay with you, but she must return to her stitching, in order to get that money to-night," she turned back through the open door.

The street seemed alive with people, both walking and riding. Little Alice followed the merry children with wistful eyes. She leaned her pale cheek on her thin hand, and sighed heavily. "Every one can do something in this great nice world but me," she murmured to herself. "How I wish I could do *somebody* some good!" and a large tear rolled down her cheek.

Presently, her eyes fell upon a strange little figure at the farther end of the garden fence. It was that of a little boy, barefooted and ragged. He was peering eagerly through the fence. Alice watched him some minutes in silence; and then, obeying a sudden impulse, she called: "Come here, little boy!"

The boy, at the sound of her voice, started guiltily, and appeared about to run away; when she called, quickly, "Please come in, little boy."

The voice was so sweet and pleading in its tone, that he halted; and, putting one dirty finger in his mouth, looked once more between the bars of the fence.

"Won't you come in?" Alice called again.

"I warn't goin' to steal nothin'!" he said, hurriedly. "I was only lookin' at yer flowers."

"Yes, I know; but I want to talk with you a little."

"Then why don't yer come down here, if ye want to talk to me? I don't care nothin' 'bout talkin' with *you;*" and the lad made no sign of obeying her call.

"I can't walk," said the sweet voice slowly.

"S-h-o!" drawled the boy, in a tone of surprise; and he slowly moved along, through the gate and up the steps. He wore a straw hat, with torn brim, and his face was freckled and dirty; but his eyes, which were very bright and keen, were quite handsome.

"Can't walk! why not, — ain't ye got no feet?"

"Yes, I have feet; but I'm lame, and I can't use them any."

"Was you always so?"

"No," said Alice; "I was very sick two years ago, and have never been able to step since."

"That's awful mean, now. I should think you'd feel mad, — don't yer?" and the bright eyes sparkled with sympathy.

"No, I don't feel mad;" and Alice smiled sweetly. "I am sad sometimes, and I'd give — oh! *any thing*, if I could only walk once more; but God is very good to me."

"I sh'd think he'd better make ye walk again, ef he's so good."

Alice looked pained. "Don't speak *so*," she said. "Do you love flowers?"

"Think they're hansome, — but I warn't goin' ter touch 'em;" and he fumbled his torn hat nervously, first jamming it down upon his head until it covered both ears, and then pulling it off again.

"No, I did not think you were; but would you not like to gather some for me?"

"Yes, I bet I would," he answered, eagerly, and his eyes danced; and ran nimbly down among the flower-beds, the torn brim of his hat flapping against his shoulders as he ran.

Alice watched him with interest as he plucked the flowers. She could remember when she would not have deigned to notice a ragged, dirty street-boy like this; but she had thought of many things since her long illness, and her heart was wonderfully tender towards all God's created beings, — especially towards any in misfortune, — and she thought pitifully of the little urchin before her, who probably had no such pleasant home as hers. Presently he returned, with his dirty hand full of flowers. Alice smiled as she saw his selections. They were not what her delicate taste would have chosen. There were gorgeous hollyhocks, large, velvety marigolds, and a variety of the largest and gayest flowers in the yard, short-stemmed, and crammed together in jolly confusion.

"Here!" he said, throwing them shyly into her lap, and backing up against the side of the house, both hands behind him. "Them's the hansomest ones I could find."

"Thank you," said Alice, pleasantly, and with some effort not to laugh at his bouquet. "Now, will you tell me your name?"

"Bob Saunders. What's yourn?"

"Alice Barnard. Do you have flowers at home?"

Bob shook his head.

"Have you brothers and sisters?"

"Yes; I've four brothers and one sister."

"Oh, that's *nice!*" said Alice. "I haven't any. I wish I had some."

"Umph! *I* don't see any thing very nice about it," said Bob. "I guess *you* wouldn't if you had 'em."

"Why not?" Alice asked, in amazement.

"They're always lickin' me."

"What, not your *sister?*"

"You'd ought'er see her! She's the worst o' the whole of 'em, Sallie is. I can't go near the house 'thout she's a scoldin' and tellin' me to 'clear out.'"

"Don't you do any thing naughty to her?"

Bob hesitated, and then stammered out: "N-n-not much. I make up faces sometimes, — but that don't hurt nothin'; and then I throw rocks at her kitten sometimes. *That* makes her the *maddest.*"

"That, indeed, *is* very naughty," said Alice. "I wouldn't do so if I were you."

"But she's so *ugly* I can't help it;" and poor little Bob's eyes gleamed wickedly.

"But don't your mother love you?"

"Hain't got none; and father don't care how much she pounds me."

To Alice, who had none but the pleasantest memories of a darling sister who left this earth in her early childhood, this state of things in any home seemed very dreadful. In her heart she said, "Poor little Bob! No wonder he is bad if nobody loves him."

"Do you know how to read?" she asked.

"No. I went to school one day; but I hated it, — settin' still as a mouse all the time, — no fun, — so I run away."

"Would you like to know how to read?" and Alice's heart glowed with a sudden happy thought. Even she might do good to somebody. Here was certainly missionary ground.

"If 'twan't for coopin' up in an old school-room, I would, fust-rate."

"Will you come up here every day, and let me be your teacher?"

"You *wouldn't*, now?" said Bob, with a quizzical look in his face.

"Yes, if you will come, I will be very glad to do it, for I should like to do some good in the world;" and Alice's face glowed with enthusiasm.

IF a bee stings you, will you go to the hive and destroy it? Would not a thousand come upon you? If you receive a trifling injury, don't be anxious to avenge it.

SOBRIETY and industry are sure of their reward; but he who would win the prize and wear the victor's crown must early learn that in self-denial lies his greatest strength.

IT takes a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove
How much a little child may do
For others by its love.

For The Dayspring.

LITTLE FIGURES.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

HAVE "you" missed me? It is more than a month since I talked with you, and it has been such a long, long month. People say that the fullest days are the shortest. That is not always so, for the days of this month have been full to overflowing; and yet they have stretched themselves out interminably. Thank God! we have not to live them over again.

When I talked with you last, we were motherless, fatherless, and brotherless. Now Bertie and I are the lonely ones: Mamma is at home again; but we have been sent away.

How did it all happen? That's just what I want to tell you; but I dread to begin. It was the third or fourth day of our orphanage, that Angie came over to discuss costumes for some tableaux which were coming off at her house in a few weeks. As Ruth and I were to take part, and as our dresses must be largely the result of our own ingenuity and skill, it was necessary for us to use discretion in the choice of characters.

"You shall *not* take the meanest parts," said Angie, decisively. "You shall each have something pretty and effective, or you sha'n't come at all. I want Marcia for a guardian angel, watching over Willie Carruth. I have hired him, with a pound of chocolate-creams, to be the miserable little beggar boy, asleep on the pavement."

"For another pound, I suppose he might be persuaded to snore," remarked Ruth.

"No doubt of it; but I must have Marcia. She'll be just the thing, with her

flaxen hair, and those grey eyes of hers that look as if there never *could* be a place too dark for them to see the light beyond. I *must* have her. Where is she?"

"You'll have hard work to get her; for she hates to be *fussed over*, and nobody knows where she is. She went off with one of the girls an hour ago."

But, almost as Ruth spoke, Marcia came in. She nodded to Angie, then looked from one to the other of us in a hesitating, uncertain way, and at last came up to me, saying, falteringly: —

"I've brought one of Mrs. Hall's poor girls home. *Can't* she stay, Mattie? It's only a fortnight."

"What *are* you talking about?" said I.

"Why, you know Mrs. Hall, — at the Four Corners?"

"Yes."

"Well, she has found places for most of her *little* ones. People like them, because they are cunning and interesting, and will amuse them. But nobody wants this girl. She is large and awkward, and doesn't know much. She isn't *quite* an idiot, but" —

"But *you are*," interrupted Ruth. "The idea of bringing such a creature here, especially when mother is away! Of *course* she can't stay, Marcia."

"If she's almost an idiot," said I, "it will not make much difference to her where she is. How did you happen to find her?"

"I went home with Laura, and she was there. They were going to take her back to the Home to-night; but I thought it was too bad. It *does* make a difference to her where she is, Mattie. She enjoys flowers and pictures and pretty things, just as a baby does. Perhaps she might learn something, too, if any one took a *great deal* of pains with her. It will make her *so* happy. And it won't be much to us"

"But it *will* be much to us. The very sight of her will be a vexation," said Ruth.

"We haven't seen her yet," said I. "Bring her in, Marcia. Let's see how she looks."

She brought her, — a short, stout, heavy-looking girl, with a large head, a mouth stretched almost from ear to ear in a perpetual smile, and dull, unanswering eyes.

"Would you like to stay with us awhile?" I asked her.

"Yes, be jinks!"

This unexpected answer quite upset our gravity. We laughed till the tears came; Ann Eliza (that was her name) joining with a heartiness which overwhelmed us.

Well, I haven't time to tell you of all the arguments *for* and against Marcia's project. I will only say, that even Ruth was won over at last by her eloquent pleading, though she assured her that she would find "that Analyzer" an elephant on her hands. So it was decided that, if papa did not object, the girl should stay.

We quite forgot our costumes: this real character drove the imaginary ones out of our heads. "I suppose we *can* stand it; but isn't it a trial?" said I to Angie, as we parted at the gate.

"Yes, it is. There is only one thought that would persuade me to bear it."

"What is that?"

"The thought that she is God's child," answered Angie, in a low tone.

"Oh, dear me! I wish God didn't have so many children." Then, shocked and ashamed of my thoughtless, selfish speech, I turned, and went into the house.

When papa came home, he was surprised to find Marcia, primer in hand, trying to initiate our "Analyzer" into the myste-

ries of "A, B, C." When he learned that the new pupil was a member of his family, he opened his eyes very wide; but Marcia's eloquence prevailed again, and he did what the rest of us had been doing, — watched the result of the experiment curiously, at a distance.

Yes, that was it: we were not unkind to Marcia; but we did not help her. Do you know how hard and trying and wearisome it is to watch for gleams of intelligence which never come, — to give a thought, and get in return a vacant smile, — to think, day after day, "To-morrow *must* bring an answer," and to have the answer always *coming*, never here? This was what we left Marcia to find out, — all alone.

As she had said, Ann Eliza was not *quite* an idiot. She loved the flowers, and tended them in a sort of ecstatic delight. She loved music, also, and conceived a violent regard for Rufus, because he "made" so much of it. This regard was a decided inconvenience to that young gentleman, for she followed him about like a little dog; and, having no regard for the fitness of things, importuned him for a "*chune*," at all times and seasons.

Ruth and I were amused; but Marcia never smiled at Ann Eliza's queer ways. She gave her lessons every day; took her out walking, or riding in the horse-cars, just as it happened; and tried in every way to make her visit pleasant and profitable.

It was midsummer, and the weather was very warm. Often, while Ruth and I sat in our cool wrappers, pretending to work or enjoying a book, Marcia was out in the blazing sun, walking with her *protégé* in the park, or standing with her before the gay store windows, waiting patiently until Ann Eliza had "seen enough."

"I wish you would find a new word for your pupil," said Ruth, impatiently, one day. "'Be jinks' is getting slightly monotonous."

It was indeed; for it was the one phrase which served as the expression of all Ann Eliza's small emotions.

"I did try to; but she likes it. It isn't wicked, and what's the harm?" replied Marcia.

"No *harm*. Only, one gets tired of the same thing. 'By hokey' would do very well for a change."

I laughed; but Marcia looked serious. "She has to learn every thing as a parrot does," said she. "I have tried and tried to make her understand about different things; but it is of no use. It is like screaming away to a very deaf man. You get no answer."

"She catches your words, but not your thought," said I.

"She *seems* to catch my thoughts sometimes; but she cannot keep them."

"She's a perfect sieve of a girl," put in Ruth.

Marcia threw herself down beside me on the lounge, and wound her long arms about me. "You can't think how *good* it seems to come back to my sisters, after working hard to pour a little knowledge into that sieve," she said, wearily, giving me a squeeze.

"She really prefers her sisters to an '*idjot!*'" exclaimed Ruth. "Complimentary, isn't it?"

A few days after this, to our great relief, Mrs. Hall came for Ann Eliza, and she took her departure. Then, and not till then, did we realize the strain which Marcia had borne for the last fortnight. She had been looking pale all summer; but, as she never complained, we were not anxious. This evening, she sat in the arm-

chair, seldom speaking, but listening to our ceaseless chatter, with an air of quiet content which touched us, it was so unlike *our* Marcia.

"She looks tired to death," said Ruth to me that night. "And no wonder. Her devotion to that silly goosey was the biggest piece of nonsense that ever was."

Was it nonsense? I couldn't tell. My only thought was the self-reproachful one, "I *might* have helped her."

How *can* I tell you of the weary, weary days that followed; of that troubled morning when we first missed Marcia's cheery step and voice; our anxiety when we found that she was really ill, — our eager watching of each varying symptom; our despair when papa brought home with him one day a stout, motherly-looking nurse; our intense delight at the appearance of Miss Janet, who walked in upon us unexpectedly, informing us, in a tone that admitted of no contradiction, that she had come to stay?

There was one lesson that I learned thoroughly at this time: I learned to know my sister Ruth. I had thought her too cool, too self-contained, to care for others' sympathy. I knew she loved us all: but it was in such a common-place, matter-of-fact way. She was never demonstrative. Now I saw the beauty of that very coolness which had sometimes irritated me. Ruth was herself still; but it was such a *noble* little self. She was never ruffled, never flurried; kept her eyes and heart open for the nearest duty, and never seemed to look backward with regret, or forward with misgiving. I was anxious, discouraged, sometimes almost hopeless. She was simply *steadfast*. She rested me; she helped me, oh, *so* much! We seemed to get so close together, somehow, in this great trouble, we can never stray far from each other again.

But Marcia! dear, generous Marcia! I tried to think what home would be without her; but I couldn't. Into my saddest picture she *would* come, with her bounding step, and clear, ringing voice. I *could* not shut her out, and at last I ceased trying to prepare myself for the worst. What was the use?

Angie came in every day. She had no heart now for the much-talked-of tableaux, and would gladly have given them up, had it been possible. But it was better as it was; for, notwithstanding her disappointment, every thing went off finely, and they gave pleasure to a great many friends. We were not selfish enough to wish to deprive others of enjoyment because we could not share in it.

We sent for mother, of course, and she came at once; but our sad house was no place for Bertie, so Angie took care of him for us. Ah, those days! I can never forget them; and those more dreadful nights! those troubled dreams, and fearful wakings to a vague, horrible *something*, which gradually took distinct form, and stayed with us until sleep came again. Perhaps you know what it is. I do not like to talk about it.

But God was good. He let us keep our darling. When the doctor pronounced her out of danger, Ruth sat down and cried, — the first tears she had shed, through it all. I clung closely to mother, saying fervently, "I am *so glad, so* happy! I wish there was something I could *do* to show God how much I thank him."

"My daughter," said mother, "I am going to ask a favor of you, which I know it will be very hard for you to grant. Angie tells me that Bertie is not well. He is cross and fretful and homesick. Now,

we cannot have him here for awhile, on Marcia's account. We must keep very, very quiet. Besides, the doctor thinks a few weeks in the country would be of great benefit to him. I wouldn't ask this, if Marcia were in danger; but, *would* you be willing to go with him to Cousin Elizabeth's for a few weeks?"

Did I hesitate, — I, who had just wished for something to do to show my gratitude to God? Yes, I hesitated.

"What! leave you all *now! Leave Marcia?* How *can* you ask it, mother?"

She said nothing. She only *looked* at me, with her dear, kind, loving eyes, — *heavy* eyes they were, now, — heavy with the weight of the tears she had kept back so bravely.

The eyes gave me courage. At the same time they made a coward of me. "Mother, mother, mother!" I cried, the tears streaming down my cheeks, "I'm just as mean and selfish as I can be; but I'll *make believe* I am good. I'm *not* willing to go with Bertie to Cousin Elizabeth's; but I *will* go? Shall it be to-day?"

Mother kissed me. "When the loving heart says '*I will*,' the willingness will come, no matter how hard the duty. God will give it. But you cannot go to-day, Mattie. Not before Thursday, I think."

And Thursday morning, bright and early, we took our departure; and this is *how it happens* that Bertie and I are "away off" among these green old hills.

To be continued.

HARSH words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

WE do not believe in immortality because we have proved it; but we are for ever trying to prove it because we believe it.

For the Dayspring.

MY TREASURE.

A DEAR little cradle is swinging
High up on the graceful elm bough;
Two robins are cooing and singing.
Pray, what can the matter be now?

The cradle is not lined with satin,
And yet it is softer than down,
Its workmanship matchless in beauty,
Its color a beautiful brown.

And now, from a high upper window,
I quietly hasten to peep,
Three plump little mouse-colored babies
Are lying here soundly asleep.

Each babe has a necktie of satin
Tied gracefully under the chin.
I'd like to describe the sweet picture;
But how shall I ever begin?

They flutter; they 'wake; they're cooing!
Each black eye is beaming with light!
Ha, ha! they're little gold-robins;
There ne'er was a prettier sight!

Soft winds rock the dear little cradle,
And lull the bird-babies to rest;
While mother-bird shields and protects them
Beneath the soft down of her breast.

They lovingly nestle together,
Nor think of the harm that may come;
For the Good Father watches above them,
He made and he loves every one.

AUNT CLARA.

North Andover, Mass.

NEVER lose an opportunity of seeing any thing beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing — a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower; and thank Him for it, the Fountain of loveliness, and drink it in, simply and earnestly, with the eyes: 'tis a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

THE ROCKING-HORSE.

TOMMY BROWN and his sister Mary have a nice, large rocking-horse, whose name is Ned. They keep him in the nursery, with many other playthings of theirs, and, when the weather is unpleasant, go there and have fine sport. In the picture, you see Tommy dressed as though he belonged to a company of cavalry. He has just dismounted, and is now giving Mary a chance to ride. He says that Ned has been "fed high" lately, and used but little, and that he must keep hold of the bridle lest she should be thrown off. He says the horse must be worked more, and fed less; if he were to be worked in a dump-cart for a fortnight, and kept without oats, he would be steady enough. Of course Tommy is not afraid that Ned will rear or kick or run: he is only playing that he is afraid. But we know a little boy, ten months old, who is afraid of his brother's rocking-horse; and, whenever he sees it, screams out, as though he thought it a horrid, living creature. How strange it is that this baby should be afraid of a pretty rocking-horse, while he has no fear of live animals!

For The Dayspring.

GRACE'S TRIALS.

PART TWO.

CHAPTER 3. — *The Other Girls.*

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

GRACE was a little disturbed in the very beginning of her intimacy with her new friend; because she was inclined to be somewhat exclusive, and to take her away from the other girls. Grace was much of a favorite with the rest; and, perhaps, this was a reason that she had not before been able to decide on one separate friend.

The older girls at school often invited her for a walk; and she felt proud of going with them. There was always a feeling that they were not confidential with her: there were things they talked about she could not quite understand; still she was flattered by their invitation. Also, she did not object to joining the younger girls. She felt there was something pleasant about them all. So she did not exactly like it when Jessie wanted to carry her entirely away from the rest.

It was not a public school that Grace went to: it was preparatory to the high school; therefore the classes were not very large, and there was more unity among the girls of different ages than there would have been in a large school.

"I don't see how you can sit and talk with Hopestill Summers by the hour together," complained Jessie, one day, on their way home from school. "I thought you were never coming out this recess."

Grace laughed. "Why, Jessie, it couldn't have been a whole hour's talk today; for recess is not but half an hour long, and I was out buying gingerbread with you for the first part of the time."

"I know it," continued Jessie; "and then you forsook me for the sake of talking with Hopestill Summers. She is so poky, I don't see what you find in her."

"Why, Jessie, she is the first scholar in her class," exclaimed Grace; "and that means the first scholar in the school. Miss Campbell thinks she will enter the High School without a single condition."

"Of course she will," answered Jessie. "She is a regular walking Latin Grammar; and it will be very convenient to set her up on their shelves, and have her step down whenever she is needed."

"O Jessie! how can you talk so?" said Grace, earnestly. "I do think she is a little bit stiff, perhaps, because she does have to study so hard, and because she lives off ever so far, and does not see much of the other girls; but, then, they all like her and respect her."

"They are all of them such a 'mopy' set," said Jessie, "I don't wonder that I never could get on with any of them."

"There are the Pendletons," answered Grace: "you can't say any thing against them" —

"There are so many of them," Jessie interrupted, — "seven sisters, a whole row of them streaming into school."

"O Jessie! there are but six," exclaimed Grace, laughing, "even if you count the baby, that can't come to school for ever so many years."

"But we have three at least at school: Jane, in the upper class; Mattie, in ours; and Clara, among the younger ones. Now, I call that a serried row of Pendletons," answered Jessie.

"They are all nice," persisted Grace. "I always wanted to see more of Mattie. Mamma wonders why I don't go to the Pendletons' more, and why I don't have Mattie to play with me."

"She is such a mouse in a cheese," said Jessie, "she is always afraid to speak above a whisper."

"That is not the reason," said Grace. "I think it is because there are so many of them, and I always find her busy. She can always have a sister to play with of the right age. She can play with the younger ones, or talk and study with the older ones." And Grace went off upon her own particular grievance of being the middle one of the family.

Jessie declared she did not think that made much difference, because you wanted anyhow to go off from the family, and have other intimate friends. "You would get dreadfully tired, if you had nobody but your own family."

Grace was not sure of this, but was willing to allow that she was glad to have Jessie Clare for her one particular friend.

"Only you must be sure," said Jessie, "to be willing to have me for your one, sole, only, exclusive, particular friend. I don't want any mixing up with Hopestill Summers and Jane Pendleton: I had enough of them when I was in the upper class, and it makes me feel quite hurt to have you taking them up so."

Grace could not be made to make any promises. She laughed at Jessie's exclusive ideas, but was very sure her intimate friend would have nothing to complain of.

"And I can't allow," she went on, "that the older girls are 'mopy.' Of course, they are more quiet, — all older girls are. My older sisters, Margaret and Hester, would not think of frisking round."

"Oh, yes! they are young ladies, and so handsome too," said Jessie; "of course they have their young-lady ways, and I should not expect them to sit on fences and coast down hill. But Hopestill Summers and Jane Pendleton have forgotten how to laugh, if they ever knew how."

"The Pendletons are a very jolly family," persisted Grace.

"They can't be so jolly as yours," said Jessie, "because they have not any boys."

"Oh! but Jessie," interrupted Grace, "you have no idea how boys interrupt jollity, because your brothers are all away at school."

"I know how it is when they are at home," said Jessie. "There is no peace in the house for anybody else. But, then, at your house you have an older brother, as well as a younger one, and they must keep up the jolliness."

"I don't know about that," said Grace. "Gerald takes part with Jack, if he sets out on any plan for teasing; though sometimes he does overrule Jack, if he chooses to."

"And then they bring home such nice friends," suggested Jessie.

But Grace did not assent. The friends did not help much: if the brothers were inclined to tease, the friends joined in too, and helped tease.

Grace had already been subjected to considerable teasing on the subject of her intimate friend. To begin with, one or two letters that she happened to receive came addressed to her with the two large letters I. F. added to her name. She could not understand what it meant; but Jack himself explained that they must have been addressed to her as somebody's "intimate friend." Then, of course, she knew he must have added the letters himself. Indeed, she could not look anywhere but she saw I. F. printed on every thing. Grace could not help sighing over it to her mother. "Now, is not Jack a real trial?" she complained.

"Perhaps he is, sometimes," said her mother; "but, then, all our pleasures are. Why won't you look on the bright side? We all of us think, Grace, that we are hearing too much of your 'trials.' There is Dolly, whom I have had to hold in my arms all the afternoon, because she will not go to sleep, and Ann is down-stairs ironing. What should you think of me, if I called Dolly 'a trial'?"

"O mamma! that is so different!" exclaimed Grace, covering Dolly with kisses, "because she is Dolly."

CHAPTER 4. — *Valentines.*

THE first afternoon that she proposed inviting her "intimate friend" to tea, Grace felt that she must have the support of the rest of the family against Jack's teasings.

Jessie was coming to help Grace write valentines. Grace had proposed that they should ask Mattie Pendleton, too.

"Jane Pendleton, you know, paints exquisitely," she urged; "and I don't want to ask her. I suppose she is too old to care about it; but Mattie has picked up ever so many ideas from Jane, and I know she could help us. It will be so nice to have some valentines with real ideas to them!"

"Of course you may have Mattie, if you want to," said Jessie, obligingly: "you can ask whom you please to your own house. But I don't see how we are going to write valentines, if you have a regular party. And, if we do have any ideas of our own, we don't want to have them going all over the school. And what would be nicer than our sitting down together by ourselves to paint our own ideas, and only two of us? We can concentrate better."

Grace agreed that it would be charming, and was always moved by Jessie's long words; and Jessie promised to borrow a paint-box, since she hadn't one of her own. Grace also was much pleased, while her sister Hester offered to the two girls the use of her room. She was going to be out all of the afternoon; and she left her round table, without a thing upon it, for the paint-boxes and papers that the girls would use.

"You see it is perfectly splendid," said Grace, unusually rejoiced; "because Jack will never think of coming to disturb Hester's room, and we can have a really quiet afternoon all to ourselves. The nursery is nice; but, then, Jack would be quite likely to burst in upon us, and make fun of us, and then we should be tempted to stop all the time, and play with Molly and Dolly."

The first thing to be done was to go out and buy more materials for their valentines; for Jessie had seen a shop where were some delightful pictures, quite different from any they had, and they must be sure to look at all "the styles" before they decided. Grace agreed. She had a long list of thirty-five she must tend to, and she wanted to make sure that they should all be different. They succeeded in collecting a variety of brilliant-colored papers, some gold bits, and some charming picture-frames. The cook proved unusually good-natured, and made them a remarkably nice saucer of paste. The house, too, was very quiet when they returned. Dolly was asleep in the nursery, and Molly cooing in her mother's lap. They hurried to Hester's room, which was in an end of the house, and spread out their paints and paper and paste on the table. Jessie had to stop and admire Hester's room. There were brackets and shelves and tables, all filled with pretty things.

"And such pretty colors!" exclaimed Jesse. "I never can quite decide whether

I shall have my room all blue or all green when I am grown up." But Hester's blue room, she decided, was "perfectly lovely."

It was not till late in the afternoon that they were fairly seated at their work. They had to admire their purchases all over again, and Grace to count over her list once more.

"And would you begin by poetry, Jessie?" she asked; "or had we better paint first? or ought not we to be thinking of some verses to write?"

"Oh, yes! we ought to have something original, I suppose," said Jesse; "but could not we get somebody else to write it for us?"

"I shouldn't call it equally original," laughed Grace; "but perhaps we can get Margaret and Hester to help us this evening. Suppose we begin to paint first, on account of its drying."

Hester had kindly consented to lend her paint-box to Jessie; and it was very full of choice paints.

"How lovely!" said Jessie. "Suppose I paint a pink rose, with a Cupid flying out of it, like the one we saw at the shop."

"All very well, if you can do it," said Grace, doubtfully. The kind Hester had lent, too, some books with pictures of flowers in it.

"Roses always seem to me the hardest of flowers to paint," continued Grace, "because they are so *slobby* and full. It is much easier to do something that is more spread out."

Just at this moment a terrible cry was heard from outside the window.

"What can that be?" cried Jessie.

"It sounds like a young lady screaming," said Grace; "but why should she scream?"

They both ran to the window to look out, and were surprised to see, on the top of an outhouse that projected below, two young ladies sitting in chairs. It seemed a singular place for young ladies, on the top of a shed, which was below them only just out of reach.

"How could young ladies have climbed up there; and why should they have wished to come there? No wonder they screamed; for they must have come by a ladder, and ladders are so ricketty."

The girls questioned with each other, under their breath, as to this strange appearance, when there came another scream.

"It is Jack!" exclaimed Grace. "He does it on purpose to interrupt us! He is afraid to bring his boys into Hester's room, and so they have climbed up as near as they can."

Jessie proposed that they should open the window, and throw something down upon the boys. But Grace objected.

"No; it will only show them that they are disturbing us, and that is what they want. We need not take any notice of them, and can go back to our painting; for they can't climb up here. I was just going to propose using some of Hester's 'Mars Violet' for some pansies. She said we might take it, if we would be very careful of it."

But Jessie found it difficult to leave the window. The boys certainly were very amusing.

"Jack has my water-proof on," said Grace; "and that is Margaret's hat, with a feather."

"And Henry Hathaway must have borrowed his sister's things," said Jesse. "They do look odd enough sitting up there in chairs. And what are they talking about? Let us open the window, and listen!"

"Oh, pray don't!" said Grace; "for then they will know that they have inter-

rupted us, and there will be no end to it."

"Just a little crack," said Jessie, without waiting longer. "I know they are saying something funny."

"It makes them laugh," said Grace; "but I dare say there is not any fun in it."

There was not much fun. They were talking about valentines. One of the "young ladies," with a loud voice, exclaimed that she expected to receive just ninety-nine valentines and a-half. She should faint with despair if the postman did not bring them.

"Suppose we fling down some of ours, — some of our old worst ones," said Jessie, again not waiting for Grace's assent.

A shower of valentines made the boys look up, and then a talk followed between the two parties. Grace was half interested and half provoked.

"O Jessie! we are losing our precious afternoon."

But Jessie considered it very good fun, and could not be torn away from the window till Jack and his friend were called off by some other boys.

By this time the afternoon was almost gone, and Hester soon came in to say that it was time to go down to supper.

"Is not Jack a trial?" said Grace, as they went down: "he has spoiled our whole afternoon."

"I don't think it was spoiled," said Jessie: "it was more amusing than if we had poked over our paints all the time." She indeed ventured to regret that Jack was out at supper-time. Grace had selected one of Jack's evenings out to invite Jessie, that he might not be in the way.

The rest of the family did their best to help entertain Jessie. Even the great Gerald wrote some verses for valentines; and Margaret and Hester made suggestions.

"So, after all, it has not been so bad," said Grace, "though Jack is a plague."

To be continued.

HUMOROUS.

A GENTLEMAN named More proposed to a lady by letter, and she asked time for consideration; closing her letter with the words, "No more at present."

While looking at the picture of a maiden being carried off by a centaur, a gentleman, who had evidently been puzzling over it for some time, said, "Will you be kind enough to tell me where the *head* of that horse is?"

"Thomas, spell weather," said a teacher to one of his pupils. — "W-i-e-a-t-h-o-u-r, weather." — "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher: "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

One morning a woman was shown into Dr. Abernethy's room. Before he could speak, she bared her arm, saying, "Burn." — "A poultice," said the doctor. The next day she called again, showed her arm, and said, "Better." — "Continue the poultice." Some days elapsed before Abernethy saw her again. Then she said, "Well. Your fee?" — "Nothing," quoth the great surgeon. "You are the most sensible woman I ever saw."

Little Susie, looking at some pictures of winged angels, exclaimed, "Mamma, I don't want to be an angel." — "Why not, dear?" — "Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes, and wear feathers like a hen!"

An obituary notice of a much-respected lady concludes with, "In her life she was a pattern worthy to be followed; and her death, oh, how consoling to her friends!"

SUN-BIRDS.

A LITTLE book, called "A Queer Carriage, and Other Stories," gives the following account of the picture on the first page of this number of the DAYSPRING: —

"These look like humming-birds, don't they? Well, they are sometimes called humming-birds in Africa, because their home is there. A great many are found in that country.

"They are sun-birds; yet they are related to the humming-bird, and their dress is as gay and brilliant. Do you wish to know why they are called sun-birds?

"Because the sunlight has such an effect on their feathers. It makes them look very beautiful indeed.

"The sun-bird sips honey from the flowers with his long bill; then, if he wishes a change of food, he darts here and there in search of insects.

"Shouldn't you like to look into the nest of such a fairy-like bird, and see the tiny little eggs, or, better still, see the baby sun-birds?"

SCATTERING SUNBEAMS.

THINK of how much happiness you convey to others by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation! Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, a genial "good-morning," a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself the happier by these little expressions of fellow-feeling and good-will? Silence, and stiff, unbending reserve, are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous and polite man has a pleasant recognition and cheerful word for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes.

For The Dayspring.

FIELD FAIRIES.

OVER stretching meadows, smiling, fair, and sweet,
Trip the flower fairies, their frolics to repeat;
Lighting up the greensward with a witching grace —
Welcome we each friendly, each dear, familiar face!

Shiningly and golden bright in morning sun,
Peep out shy the butter-cups, coming one by one;
Dotting all the green grass over and again,
As though the little stars had fallen in a rain.

Lordly Dandelion lights his golden lamp
Only when the sun shines, and quenches it when damp;
And when the fairest flowers are lying cold and dead,
Lives on, crowned with the glory of a whitened head.

Then fast come the clovers (all in white and red),
Each one trying higher to hold her pretty head:
Lifting first a white cheek, then one rosy pink,
As if for kisses waiting, one would almost think!

Then there's Mistress Daisy, drest out all so grand;
With her white hat awaiting, see her silent stand:
Crown of brightest yellow, with brim so white and wide;
Perhaps the youthful beauty's playing she's a bride!

So the little flowers, all the season through,
Hold happy revels gay, grow sweet with sun and dew;
Add their mite of pleasure freely to the rest
That of all the year makes fair summer loved the best.

MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

KINDS OF HEARERS.

THERE are four kinds of hearers: —

1. Those like a *sponge*, that suck up good and bad together, and let both run out immediately.

2. Those like an *hour-glass*, that let what passes in at one ear pass out at the other, hearing without thinking.

3. Those like a *strainer*, letting go the good, and retaining the bad.

4. Those like a *sieve*, letting go the chaff, and retaining the good grain.

MAGAZINES.

THE WIDE AWAKE for August not only equals preceding numbers in interest and value, but contains a Natural History Supplement, which alone is worth the price of the whole. Among the attractions promised in the September number is a fresh and entertaining paper upon William Cullen Bryant, prepared by Charles F. Richardson. We can heartily recommend the "Wide Awake" as one of the best juvenile magazines.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW comes to us every month laden with good things. No one who wishes to keep posted in the present thought of the able and scholarly men of the Unitarian body should be without this solid monthly.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH is emphatically what it purports to be, — "a magazine of Home arts and Home culture." Every number contains Biographical Sketches, stories, original and selected poetry, music, recipes, fashion-plates, hints on health, — indeed, an almost endless variety of good reading. The price of this magazine (only one dollar and fifty cents a year) places it within reach of almost everybody.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters.
My 2, 3, 9, 12, is where the heart is.
My 6, 8, 4, is a boy's nick-name.
My 10, 5, 6, 1, is gone by.
My 9, 5, 11, 12, 14, is a girl's name.
My 7, 8, 10, is an article of wearing apparel.
My 13, 3, 1, is the name of a man mentioned in the Bible.
My whole is the name of an illustrious poet.

E. B. (aged 14 years).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Brothers are we the Scriptures name,
And the crosswords, too, they also claim.
The first of these is a noted land;
For the second a letter now will stand;
The third, a town 'twixt mountains two,
Near by a famous well you view;
For the fourth, curtail a city strong
You see on the coast of Don along;
In Canaan's land a tribe you find
That brings the fifth and last to mind.

My first in the garden grows;
'Tis good, every one knows;
My second announces morn,
With a blast on his clarion horn;
My whole is vain, you say,
Of his tinted apparel gay.

FLORENTINE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. P	ai	L
2. A		I
3. U	trech	T
4. L	en	T
5. D	el	L
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7. M	ountai	N
8. B	e	E
9. E	ar	L
10. Y	el	L

RIDDLE.

Moth-er-wort.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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